



Waiting For The Happy Ending



138 2 9

Chapter 1 by XOXkitkatXOX

Every time it rains, I walk home. It helps me think about all the bad things happening at that time. And, also about all the things happening in the future.

All of a sudden, I trip over a crack in the concrete. I fall into someone's arms, and I immediately recognize him as Andy. Andy's an old friend of mine. By old friend of mine I mean he's gonna be an old friend of mine after this.

I'm just barely meeting him in real life. I see him in my visions, although anything with him is pretty blurry. I'm guessing it's cause he's part storm spirit and it messes with my ability. And by ability, I mean my psychic ability.

You have a lot to learn. I'm a mind reader. And Andy is my future friend, and he's gonna be my lawyer for the murder case. It's complicated, but you'll learn as we go along.

Anyways, here's my story...

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



I accidentally caused my mom's divorce when I was five and didn't quite understand the extent of my powers.

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See, my stepfather tried to... around my mom. And when she wasn't, well, he just didn't bother. This isn't some sob story - he didn't touch me, or

slap me, or cause some sort of irreversible harm that will haunt my therapy sessions for years to come. He simply ignored me. But one day, he didn't.

"I cheated on her mom," he said, clear as day. I picked up my head from my toys in surprise. He had never talked to me before.

Cheated? Like when mom moved her piece an extra space in Candy Land when she wasn't supposed to? Why, that wasn't fair. So when she came in from work, I related the news. The look on both of their faces was priceless, to say the least. I still remember what my stepfather had said: "But where's the proof? Where's the proof?"

Here's a little something I learned from seventeen years worth of watching my mom practice law (and, well, a little bit of Judge Judy): whenever someone demands proof instead of trying to defend themselves, chances are, they're guilty. It tends to be a dead giveaway. Guess what my stepfather was guilty of?

Five year old me, at first, was horrified by what I had done. "I scared away the man that made mommy happy", to quote my diary from the time (with better grammar, of course), "and I think that's a sin." But if anything, she seemed happier. She rattled on about ESP and hereditary diseases and some great aunt of mine who apparently worked as a psychic in a zoo for forty years. It all went over my head, except one bit - the one where I could read minds and see into the future, that is. Mom was all over this type of stuff. She rented countless books from the library on the matter, and from day one, started honing my powers. It was her dream to see me in the police force, or anywhere where my powers could come of use to the world. She dare not say it, but the position of a lawyer would have fit this bill fairly well.

I missed my mom quite a bit. How anyone could believe that it was me who killed her, I don't know.

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